

*The History of*

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotte what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewers horse, the inside of a Churche. Company, villanous company hath bin the spoile of me.

*Bar.* Sir Iohn you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdy song, make me merry, I was as vertuously giuen, as a gentleman neede to bee, vertuous enough. Swore little, did't not about seue times a week went to a bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an hour, paid mony that I borrowed three or foure times, liued wel, & in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

*Bar.* Why, you are so fat, sir Iohn, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, sir Iohn.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and Ile amēd my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the lanterne in the poope, but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why, sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No, Ile besworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memoriamori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, & Diues that liued in purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oth should be, By this fire, thats Gods Angel. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: & wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the son of vtter darknesse. When thou ranst vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild fire, there's no purchase in money, O thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlasting bone-fire light thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes & Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne & Tauerne: but the sack that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the dearest chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamader of youres, with fire, any time this two and thirty yeeres: God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* Goda mercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnd.

*How*

*Henry the fourth.*

How now, dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquired yet who pickt my pocket?

*Enter Host.*

*Host.* Why sir Iohn, what do you think, sir Iohn? do you think I keepe theeues in my house? I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the tigh of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Ye lie, Hostesse, Bardoll was shaud, and lost many a haire: and ile besworne my pocket was pickt: go to, you are a woman, go.

*Host.* VVho I? no, I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer calde so in mine owne house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well inough.

*Host.* No, sir Iohn, you do not know me, sir Iohn, I know you sir Iohn, you owe me money sir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirtes to your backe.

*Fal.* Doulas, filthy Doulas, I haue giuen them away to bakers wiues, they haue made boulders of them.

*Ho.* Now as I am a true woman, holland of viii. s. an el: you owe money here besides sir Iohn, for your diet, and by drinkings, and money lent you, xxiii. pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it, let him pay.

*Ho.* He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How? poore? looke vpon his face, what call you rich? let them coine his nose, let them coine his cheekes, ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a yonker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a seale ring of my Grandfathers worth forty marke.

*Host.* O Iesu! I haue heard the Prince tel him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

*Fal.* How? the Prince is a lacke, a sneake-cup: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgel him like a dogge, if he would say so.

*Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaff meets him playing on his truncheon like a Fife.*

*Fal.* How now lad? is the wind in that dore ifaith? must wee all march?

*Bar.* Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

*Ho.* My Lord I pray you heare me.

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*Prim*